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THE TRIBUNE

Review.

FRENCH NOVELISTS OF THE DAY: BALZACGEORGE SANDEUGENE SUE

THE thirteenth number of the "Wandering Jew," just published by Winchester, has delivered us from our anxieties as to the objects of Jesuit persecution, though by a coup de main clumsier than is usual even with Sue. Now, we have matters arranged for a few months more of contest with the Society of Jesus, but we think our au thor must depend for interest during the last vol. ume, no longer on the conduct of the plot, but on the portraiture of characters.

It is cheering to know how great is the influence such a writer as Suc exerts, from his energy permanent influence on a nature which is no of feeling on some subjects of moral interest. It is true that he has also much talent and a various experience of life; but writers who far surpass him here, as we think Balzoc does, wanting thi heart of faith, have no influence, except merely on the tastes of their readers.

We hear much lamentation among good people at the introduction of so many French novels among us, corrupting, they say, our youth by nictures of decrenit vice and prurient crime, such as would never, otherwise, be dreamed of here. and corrupting it the more that such knowledge is so precocious-for the same reason that a boy may be more deeply injured by initiation into wickedness than a man, for he is not only robbed of his virtue, but prevented from developing the strength that might restore it. But it is useless o hewail what is the inevitable result of the movement of our time. Europe must pour her both in the form of books and of living men. She cannot, if she would, check the tide which bears them hitherward; no defences are possible, on our vast extent of shore, that can preclude their ingress. We have exulted in premature and hasty growth; we must brace ourselves to bear the evils that ensue. Our only hope lies in rousing, in our own community, a soul of goodness a wise aspiration, that shall give us strength to assimilate this unwholcsome food to better sub stance, or cast off its contaminations. A mighty sea of life swells within our nation, and, if there be salt enough, foreign bodies shall not have

power to breed infection there. We have had some opportunity to observe that the worst works offered are rejected. On the steamboats we have seen translations of vile books, bought by those who did not know from the names of their authors what to expect, torn, after a cursory glance at their centents, and scattered to the winds. Not even the all but all-power ful desire to get one's money's worth, since it had once been paid, could contend against the blush of shame that rose on the cheek of the reader.

It would be desirable for our people to know something of these writers and of the position they occupy abroad; for the nature of their circulation, rather than its extent, might be the guide both to translator and buyer. The object of the first is generally money-of the last, amusement. But the merest mercenary might book, and our imitation of Europe does not yet go so far that the American milliner can be depended on to copy any thing from the Parisian grisette, except her cap.

while his acquaintance with the traditions of the Army, from the days of its dramatic achievements under Bonaparte, supply the finest materials both for narrative and reflection. His tales are written with infinite grace, refined sensibility, and a dignified view. 'His treatment of a subject shows that closeness of grasp and clearness of sight which are rarely attained by one who is not at home in active as well as thoughtful life. some of the most delicate springs of human of leisure ; this has diminished their number but of professional writers that fill the coffee houses gentleman. We have seen, with pleasure, one

read here, as they accupy the first rank in their than wither in its shade." own country, are BALZAC, GEORGE SAND and Eu-

ready and sustained command of his resources. tye, both as to the disposition of external objects, and the symptoms of human passion, combined with a strong memory, have filled his mind with materials, and we doubt not that if his thoughts week in the year.

Here end our praises of Balzac; what he is, aginally have had a heart, or he could not read private ties that touch him. But as a writer,

that of the amateur collector. He delights it be true, keep to it-one or the other!" rous, no specimen too revolting, to ensure his ardent, but passionless scrutiny. But then— could wish. It is such a woman, so unblemished se taste and judgment to know what is fair, in character, so high in aim, and pure in soul, build up. His anatomy is not intended to injure | GUM COPAL-60 cases for sale by LATHROP & BARTLETT. @ Pearlet.

agreeable than the reverse, because it argues bet the heart of Elizabeth Barrett: ter health: that is all.

Nor is this from an intellectual calmasss, nor from an unusual power of analyzing motives, and penetrating delusions merely; neither is it mere indifference. There is a touch of the demon, also, in Balzac; the c ld but gayly familiar demon, and the smile of the amateur yields easily to a sneer, as he delights to show you on what foul juices the fair flower was fed. He is a thorough and willing materialist. The trance of Religion is congestion of the brain; the joy of the Poet the thrilling of the blood in the rapture of sense; and every good not only rises from, but hastens back into, the jaws of death and nothingness: a rainbow arch above a pertilential chaos!

Thus Balzac, with all his force and fulness o talent, never rises one moment into the region o genius. For genius is, in its nature, positive and creative, and cannot exist where there is no heart to believe in realities. Neither can be have a thoroughly corrupt. He might for a while stagger an ingenuous mind which had not yet thought for itself. But this could not last. His unbelief makes his thought too shallow. He has not that power which a mind, only in part sophisticated may retain, where the heart still beats warmly though it sometimes beats amiss. Write, paint argue, as you will, where there is a sound spot in any human being, he cannot be made to believe that this p eacht bodily frame is more than a temporary condition of his being, though one to which ne may have become shamefully enslaved by fault of inheritance, education, or his own carelessness.

Taken in his own way, we know no modern tragedies more powerful than Balzac's " Eugenie Grandet," "Sweet Pen," "Search after the Ab. solute." "Father Goriot." See there goodness, aspiration, the loveliest instincts, stifled, strangled by fate, in the form of our own brute nature The fate of the aucient Prometheus was happiness to that of these who must pay for ever having believed there was divine fire in Heaven, by agonics of despair, and conscious degradation, un known to those who began by believing man to be the most richly endowed of brutes-no more

Balzac is admirable in his description of look, tone, gesture. He has a keen sense of whatever is peculiar to the individual. Nothing in modern romance surpasses the death-scene of Father Go. riot, the Parisian Lear, in the almost immortal life with which the parental instincts are displayed. And with equal precision and delicacy of shading he will paint the slightest by play in the

manners of some young girl. "Seraphitus" is merely a specimen of his great owers of intellectual transposition. Amid his delight at the botanical riches of the new and elevated region in which he is traveling, we catch, if only by echo, the hein and chuckle of the French materialist.

No more of him !-- We leave him to his suici

An entirely opposite character, in every leading trait, yet bearing traces of the same influences, is the celebrated George Sand. It is prob ably known to a great proportion of readers that name of and frequently assumes the dress and manners of a man. It is also known that she has not only broken the marriage bond, and, since that, formed other connections independent of the prefer to pass his time in translating a good civil or ecclesia-tical sanction, but that she first ally assailed the present institution of marriage and the social bonds which are connected with it.

No facts are more adapted to startle every feel-One of the most unexceptionable and attractive ing of our community; but, since the works of writers of modern France is De Vieny. His life Sand are read here, notwithstanding, and can-prat," "André," "Jacques," "Les Sept Cordes has been passed in the Army, but many years of not fail to be so while they exert so important an de la Lyre" and "Les Maitres Mosaistes," as peace have given him time for literary culture, influence abroad, it would be well they should be representing her higher inspirations, her sincerity read intelligently, as to the circumstances of their in expression, and her dramatic powers. They birth, and their tendency.

George Sand we esteem to be a person of strong passions, but of original nobleness and a love of who chance at first on such of her books as " Leright sufficient to guide them all to the service of one Lioni," may fail to find, or even such as worthy aims. But she fell upon evil times. She "Simon" and "Spiridion," though into the imwas given in marriage according to the fashion of perfect web of these are woven threads of pure the old regime; she was taken from a convent gold. Such is the first impression made by the where she had heard a great deal about the law of | girl Fiamma, as she appears before us, so noble, He has much penetration, too, and has touched Godand the example of Jesus, into a society where with the words "E Ponore;" such the thought no vice was proscribed, if it would wear the cloak action. His works have been written in hours of hypocrisy. She found herself impatient of deception, and loudly called by passion: she yielded; given him many advantages over the thousands but she could not do so, as others did, sinning against what she owned to be the rule of right, and her genius poised on a firmer pedestal, breathof Paris by day, and its garrets by night. We the will of Heaven. She protested; she examined wish he were more read here in the original: she assailed. She hacked into the roots of things, with him would be found good French, and the and the bold sound of her axe called around manners, thoughts and feelings of a cosmopolite her every fee that finds a home amid the growths of civilization. Still she persisted. "If it be or two of his tales translated into the pages of real," thought she, "it cannot be destroyed; as to what is false, the sooner it goes the better: But the three who have been and will be most and I, for one, had rather perish beneath its fall

SCHILLER puts into the month of Mary Stuart these words as her only plea : "The world knows BALZAC has been a very fruitful writer, and as the worst of me; and I may boast that, though that of any other person. Like her, he began life be is fond of juggler's tricks of every description, I have erred, I am better than my reputation." and holds nothing carnest or sacred, he is vain | Sand may say the same. All is open, noble; the of the wonderful celerity with which some of his free descriptions, the sophistry of passion are, at works, and those quite as good as any, have been least, redeemed by a desire for truth as strong as ling now. written. They seem to have been conceived, ever best in any heart. To the weak or unthinkcomposed and written down with that degree of ing the reading of such books may not be desiraspeed with which it is possible to lay pen to pa | ble, for only those who take exercise as men can per. Indeed, we think he cannot be surpassed in digest strong meat. But to any one able to understand the position and circumstances, we be-His almost unsurpassed quickness and fidelity of lieve this reading cannot fail of bringing good racters from the practical point of view. impulses, valuable suggestions, and it is quite free from that subtle miasma which taints so large a portion of French literature, not less since the more rarely thus free, for, in temperament, he is Revolution than before. This we say to the forcould be put into writing with the swiftness of eign reader. To her own country Sand is a boon has the heart and faith that Balzac wants, yet is bought, he would give us one of his novels every precious and prized, both as a warning and a leader, for which none there can be ungrateful has made more impression on his time and place She has dared to probe its festering wounds, and an man, in daily life, we know not. He must if they be not past all surgery, she is one who, though his earlier show much talent, yet his promost of any, helps toward a cure.

Would, indeed, the surgeon had come with quite clean hands! A woman of Sand's genius, tirely eclipse his earlier essays. that denieth," more worthily represented than by among her people. Then with what force had which is now in course of publication. In these, among her people. Then with what force has which is now in the has begun and is continuing a crusade sgainst he has begun and is continuing a crusade sgainst he has begun and is continuing a crusade sgainst he has begun and is continuing a crusade sgainst her cry, "If it be false, give it up; but, if

a malyze, to classify; there is no anomaly too But we have read all we wish to say upon this subject, lately uttered just from the quarter we poraries.

rare and exquisite. He takes up such an object that should address this other, as noble in nature, the corpse, or, like that of Balzac, to entertain carefully and puts it in a good light. But he has but clouded by error, and struggling with cir. the intellect merely. Earnestly he hopes to learn no hatred for what is loathsome, no contemperary cumstances. It is such women that will do such from it the remedier for disease and the conditions what is bare, no love for what is lovely, no faith justice. They are not afraid to look for virtue of health. Sue is a Socialist. He believes he in what is noble. To him there is no virtue and and reply to aspiration, among those who have sees the means by which the heart of mankind no vice; men and women are more or less finely not 'dwelt in decencies for ever.' It is a source may be made to beat with one great hope, one organized; noble and tender conduct is more of pride and happiness to read this address from

TO GEORGE SAND.

Thou large-brained woman and large-hearted man, Self called George Sand! whose soul, amid the Of thy tumultuous senses moars defiance, [lions And answers roar for roar, as spirits can: I would some mild miraculous thunder ran

Above th' appliance circus, in appliance
Of thine own nobler nature's strength and science Drawing two pinions, white as wings of swen. From the strong shoulders, to amaze the place With hotier light! that thou to woman's clair And man's, might join, beside, the angel's grace
Of a pure genius sanctified from blame;
Till child and maiden pressed to thine embrace,
To kiss upon thy lips a stainless fame.

TO THE SAME. A RECOGNITION.

True genius, but true woman! dost deny Thy woman's nature with a manly scorn, And break away the gauds and armiets worn By wesker women in captivity?

Ab, vain decial! that revolted cry

Is sobled in by a woman's voice forlorn:-

Is sobled in by a woman's voice fortorn:—
Thy woman's hair, my sister, all unshorn,
Floats beck disneveled strength in agony,
Dieproving thy man's name, and while before
The world thou burnest in a poet fire,
We see thy woman-heart heat evermore [higher,
Through the large flame. Beat purer, heart, and
Till God unsex thee on the spirit shore;
To which slown unserving coursly agone.

To which alone unsexing, purely aspire-

This last sonnet seems to have been writte fter seeing the picture of Sand, which represents er in a man's dress, but with long, loose hair

For some years Sand has quitted her post of assailant. She has seen that it is better to seel some form of life worthy to supersede the oldthan rudely to destroy it, heedless of the future Her ferce is bending towards philanthropic meas ures. She does not appear to possess much c the constructive faculty, and, though her writines command a great pecuniary compensation and have a wide sway, it is rather for their tendency than their thought. She has reached no nanding point of view from which she may give orders to the advanced corps. She is still at work with others in the treach, though she works with more force than almost any.

In power, indeed. Sand bears the palm above any of the Novelists. She is vigorous in conception, often great in the apprehension and the con trast of characters. She knows passion, as has been well hinted, at a white heat, when all the lower particles are remoulded by its power. Her descriptive talent is very great, and her poetic feeling exquisite. She wants but little of being a poet, but that little indispensable. Yet she keeps us always hovering on the borders of the enchanted fields. She has, to a signal degree that power of exact transcript from her own mind of which almost all writers fail. There is no veil, not alf plastic integument between us and the thought. We vibrate perfectly with it.

This is her chief charm, and, next to it, is one in which we know no French-writer that resembles her, except Rousseau, though he, indeed, is vastly her superior in it. This is, of concentrated glow. Her nature glows beneath the words, like fire beneath the ashes, deep ; -deep !

Her best works are unequal; in many parts written hastily, or earelessly, or with flagging spirits. They all promise far more than they perform; the work is not done masterly; she ha not reached that point where a writer sits at the helm of his own genius. Sometimes she plies the par: sometimes she drifts. But what great kind, no drapery carefully adjusted or chosen gesture about her. May Heaven lead her, at last, mony with the higher laws of life!

We are not acquainted with all her works, but among these we know, mention " La Roche Mauare full of faults; still they show also her scop and aim with some fairness, which those readers in "Spiridion" of making the apparition the reward of virtue.

The work she is now publishing, "Consuelo," with its sequel " Baroness de Rudolstadt" exhibit ing a screner air. Still it is faulty in conduct. and show some obliquity of vision. She has not reached the Interpreter's house yet. But when she does, she will have clues to guide many a pilerim whom one less tried, less tempted than berself, could not help on the way.

EUGENE SUE is a writer of far inferior powers, on the whole, to Sand, though he possesses some brilliant talents that she wants. His aims and modes are more external than her's; he is not so deeply acquainted with his own nature, or with in a corrupt society-struggled, doubted, half despaired; erred, apparently, himself, and feared there was no virtue and no truth; but is conquer-

began to write at quite mature age, at the suggest on of a friend. We should think it was so; that he was by nature intended for a practical man, rather than a writer. He paints all his cha

As an observer, when free from exaggeration he has as good an eye as Balzac, but he is far unequal and sometimes muddy. But then be less enslaved by emotion than Sand, therefore he than either. We refer now to his later works gress, both as a writer and thinker, has been so considerable that those of the last few years en-

These latter works are the "Mysteries o Paris," " Matilda," and the " Wandering Jew," the evils of a corrupt civilization which are inflicting such woes and wrongs upon his contem

Sue, however, does not merely assail, but would

love; and instinct with this thought, his tales of horror are not tragedies.

This is the secret of the deep interest ho has awakened in this country that he shares a hope which is, half unconsciously to herself, stirring all her veins. It is not so warmly out spoken as in other lands, both because no such pervasive ills as yet yet call loudly for redress, and because private conservatism is here great, in proportion to the absence of authorized despotism. We are not disposed to quarrel with this; it is well for the value of new thoughts to be tested by a good deal of resistance. Opposition, if it does not preclude free discussion, is of use in educating men to know what they want. Only by intelligent men, exercised by thought and tried in virtue, can such measures as Sue proposes be carried out; and when such Associates present themselves in sufficient numbers, we have no fear but the cause of Association, in its grander forms, wil have fair play in America.

As a writer. Sue shows his want of a high kind of imagination by his unshrinking portraiture of physical horrors. We do not believe any man could look upon some things he describes and live. He is very powerful in his description of the workings of animal nature; especially when he speaks of them in animals merely, they have the simplicity of the lower kind with th character is, the more justice he does to it. This shows that, whatever his career may have been, his heart is uncontaminated. Men he does not describe so well, and fails entirely when he aims at one grand and simple enough for a great moral agent. His conceptions are strong, but in execution be is too melodramatic. Just corn pare his "Wandering Jew" with that of Beranger The latter is as diamond compared with charcoal Then, like all those writers who write in num pers that come out weekly or monthly, he abuses imself and his subject; he often must; the ar angement is false and mechanical.

The attitude of Sue is at this moment imposing as he stands, pen in hand-this his only wcapon against an innumerable host of foes, the cham pion of poverty, innocence and humanity, against aperstition, scifisheess and prejudice. When his works are forgotten, and for all their strong points and brilliant decorations, they may ere long b forgotten, still the writer's name shall be held in imperishable honor as the teacher of the igno rant, the guardian of the weak, a true Tribune for the people of his own time.

To sum up this imperfect account of their mer its, I see De Vigny, a retiring figure, the gentleman, the solitary thinker, but, in his way, the efficient foe of false honor, and superstitious prejudice. Balzac is the heartless surgeon, probing the wounds and describing the delirium of suffer ing men for the amusement of his students. Sand a grand, fertile, aspiring, but, in some measure distorted and irregular nature. Sue a bold and glittering crusader, with endless ballads jingling in the silence of the night before the battle. They are much right and a good deal wrong; for instance, all, even Sand, who would lay down her life for the sake of truth, will let their virtuons characters practice stratagems, falsehood, and vi olence; in fact, do evil for the sake of good. They still show this taint of the old regime, and no wor der! La belle France has worn rouge so long ness she has is genuine; there is no tinsel of any that the purest mountain air will not, at once, or vard spirit of the time. Led by that spirit, I see them moving on the troubled waters; they do not sink, and I trust they will find their way to the coasts where the new era will introduce new methods, in a spirit of nobler activity, wiser patience.

and holier faith than the world has yet seen. Will Balzac also see that shore, or has he only broken away the bars that hindered others from setting sail? We do not know. When we read an expression of such levely innecence as the letter of the little country maidens to their Parisian brother (in Father Goriot), we hope; but presently we see him sneering behind the mask, and we ear. Let Frenchmen speak to this. They know best what disadvantages a Frenchman suffers under, and whether it is possible Balzac be still alive, except in his eyes. Those, we know, are

To read these or any foreign works fairly, the reader must understand the national circumstances under which they were written. To us them worthily, he must know how to interpre them for the use of the Universe.

BEAUTIFUL BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG -Messes Lane & Tippett of the Methodist Book Concern in this City, have recently published in the convenient and popular hand-book style, which for some time past has been so popular in England, a series o beautiful little works on Natural History, the titles of which are The Honey Bre, The Spider, The Ant, The Fly, The Flower, The Egg, The Nest &c. &c. We believe they are all reprints from London editions, carefully revised, however, by Rev. D. P. Kippen, the Editor of the Juvenile and Sunday School Department of that concern. The same publishers have also just published, in the same neat style, The Jew among all Nations, We are Seven, Kingdom of Heaven among Children, Anna the Prophetess, Forty-two Children, Ananias and Sophia, &c. These little books may safely be placed in the hands of children or youth-they are natructive and interesting, and so far as we have had leisure to examine them, entirely free from eva-

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE for F. bruary is before us. The following are the titles of the principal articles: 'French Speliations of American Commerce;' 'Sixth Census of the United States; The Post Office Department; 'The Railroad Movement; 'Trade and Commerce of Brazil Resources of the Lackawana Valley.' Besides these there is the usual 'Commercial Chronicle, Mercantile Law Department," Commercial Staris

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, Nos. 37, 38, and efore us. 'Luther, his Faith and Works,' Trave's in Abyssinia.' Excerpts from 'Punch,' 'Life in London Lodgings, 'Mr. Sheil,' Confessions of a 111 2meed Monomaniac,' &c. &c. are among their contents.-Burgess, Stringer & Co. 222 Broadway; Graham 160 Nassau-st, sell this capital summary of current British Literature.

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